SEE ALSO: FOLLOWING COPY

A SWEET LESSON IN FRENCH.

Jeanne oft is coy—so when one day
I asked if still she loved the same,
She shrugged her shoulders, turned away,
And answered dryly, "Je vous aime."

"Ah, dear, if I have sinned," I cried,
"I pray you my transgression name."
"Why, what's the matter?" she replied,
"Je vous repete, que je vous aime."

"Ah, why by coldness do you try
To banish from my heart love's flame?
Why should you lay your kindness by
And say so crossly, 'Je vous aime?'

"I merit not so fair a dove,
I have not wealth, or rank, or fame;
But you have said 'tis me you love,
Then why this haughty 'Je vous aime?' "

But with consummate art she played
Some moments more her cunning game,
And on my heart sad burdens laid
By her half-sneering "Je vous aime."

Then quick she laid aside the mask,
And love into her features came;
She kissed me, crying, "Need you ask?
O, mon amour! je t'aime, je t'aime."

—[Chicago Tribune.

EUREKA! TRIUMPH AT LAST.

[Exchange.]

A stout black-whiskered man sat immediately in front of me in the railroad car, and indulged from time to time in the most strange and unaccountable manœuvres. Every now and then he would get up, and hurry away to the narrow passage which leads to the door in these drawing-room cars; and when he thought himself secure from observation, would fall to laughing in the most violent manner, and continue the healthful exercise until he was as red in the face as a lobster.

As we neared the city these demonstrations increased in violence, save that the stranger no longer ran away to laugh but kept in his seat and chuckled to himself, with his chin down deep in is shirt collar. But the changes those portmanteaus underwent! He moved them here, then, he put them behind him. He was evidently getting ready to leave, but as we were twenty-five miles from the city, the idea of such early preparation was ridiculous. If we had entered the city then, the mystery would have remained unsolved, but the stranger became so excited that he could keep his seat no longer. Some one must help him, and as I was the nearest to him, he selected me. Suddenly turing, he said, rocking himself to and fro in his chair in the meantime, and slapping his legs together, and breathing hard:

"Been gone three years!"

"Ah!"

"Yes, been in Europe. Folks don't expect me for three months yet, but I got through and started. I telegraphed them at the last station—they've got it by this time."

As he said this he rubbed his hands, and changed the portmanteau on his left to the right, and the one on the right to the left again.

"Got a wife?" said I.

"Yes, and three children;" he returned.

He then got up and folded his overcoat anew, and hung it over the back of the seat.

"You are pretty nervous over the matter, ain't you?" I said watching his fidgety movements.

"Well, I should think so," he replied, "I ain't slept soundly for a week. And you don't know," he went on, glancing around at the passengers and speaking in a low tone. "I am almost certain that this train will run off the track and break my neck before I get to Boston. Well, the fact is, I have had too much good luck for one man lately. The thing can't last, 'tain't natural the thing should, you know. I've watched it. First it rains, then it shines, then it rains again. It rains so hard you think it's never going to stop; then it shines so bright you think it's always going to shine; and just as you are settled in either belief, you are knocked over by a change, to show that you know nothing about it."

"Well, according to your philosophy," I said, "you will continue to have sunshine, because you are expecting a storm."

"It's curious," he returned, "but the only thing which makes me think I will get through safe is, because I think I won't."

"Well, this is curious," said I.

"Yes," he replied. "I am a machinist—made a discovery—nobody believed in it—spent all my money in trying to bring it out—mortgaged my home—all went. Everybody laughed at me—everybody but my wife—spunky little woman—said she'd work her fingers off before I should give it up. Went to England—no better there—came within an ace of jumping off London Bridge. Went into a workshop to earn money enough to come home with—there I met the man I wanted. To make a long story short I've brought $100,000 home with me and here I am."

"Good for you," I exclained.

"Yes," said he, "$100,000, and the best of it is, she dont, know anything about it. I've fooled her so often, and disappointed her so much, that I just concluded I would say nothing about this. When I got my money, though, you better believe I struck a bee line for home.

"And now I suppose, you will make her happy?"

"Happy!" he replied, "why, you don't know anything about it. She's worked like a dog since I have been gone, trying to support herself and the children decently. They paid her thirteen cents apiece for making white shirts, and that is the way she lived half the time. She'll come down there to the depot to meet me in a gingham dress and a shawl a hundred years old, and she'll think she's dressed up. Oh, she won't have no clothes after this, oh, no, I guess not!"

And with these words, which implied that his wife's wardrobe would soon rival Queen Victoria's, the stranger tore down the passage-way again, and getting in his old corner, where he thought himself out of sight, went through the strangest pantomime, laughing, putting his mouth into the drollest shape, and then swinging himself back and forth in the limited space as if he were "walking down Broadway" a full-rigged metropolitan belle.

So on we rolled into the depot, and I placed myself on the other car, opposite the stranger, who with a portmanteau in his hand, descended and was standing on the lowest step ready to jump to the platform.

I looked from his face to the faces of the people before us, but saw no sign of recognition. Suddenly he cried:

"There they are."

Then he laughed outright, but in a hysterical sort of way, as he looked over the crowd. I followed his eye, and saw some distance back, as if crowded out and shouldered away by the well-dressed and elbowing throng, a little woman in a faded dress, and a well-worn hat, with a face almost painful in its intense but hopeful expression, glancing rapidly from window to window as the coaches rapidly glided in.

She had not yet seen the stranger, but a moment after she caught his eye, and in another instant he had jumped to the platform with his two portmanteaus, and making a hole in the crowd, pushing one here and another there, and running over of his bundles plump into the well-developed stomach of a venerable-looking old gentleman in spectacles, he rushed toward the place where she was standing. I think I never saw a face assume so many different expressions in so short a time as did that of the little woman while her husband was on his way to her.

She didn't look pretty—on the contray, she looked very plain; but somehow I felt a big lump rise in my throat as I watched her. She was trying to laugh, but, God bless her, how completely she failed in the attempt! Her mouth got into position, but it never moved after that save to draw down at the corners and quiver, while she blinked her eyes so fast that I expect she only caught occasional glimpses of the broad-shouldered man pushing his way so rapidly toward her. And, then, as he drew close and dropped those everlasting portmanteaus, she just turned completely round, with her back toward him, and covered her face with her hands. And thus she was when the strong man gathered her up in his arms as if she had been a baby, and held her sobbing to his breast.

There were enough gaping at them, heaven knows, and I turned my eyes away for a moment, and then I saw two boys in threadbare roundabouts standing near, wiping their eyes and noses on their little coat sleeves, and bursting out anew at every fresh demonstration on the part of their mother.

When I looked at the stranger again, he had his hat drawn over his eyes; but his wife was looking up at him, and it seemed as if the pent-up tears of those weary months of waiting were streaming through her eyelids.

A Girl With Enthusiasm.

[Louise Chandler Moulton.

In the June of 1879 two stories were published simultaneously, "The story of Lesken" in the Century, or rather in Scribner's, and "The Professor of Dollingen," in Lippincott, and to both of these stories was appended the new name of "Anna Eichberg." Very clever stories they were, with all sorts of good qualities—humor, pathos, subtlety of preception, originality of plot, and, above all they fulfilled what Mr. Howells calls the very first requirement of a story, namely, "to be interesting."

"The story of Lesken" told of a violin player who in his youth, mad with music, forgot his appointed wedding day, in the excitement of going to hear a great musician play, and the bride married the young musician's father, and then Lesken came to America and wedded music, and played, and lived, and died and was forgotton. It was one of the notable stories of that season's Scribner's.

Everybody asked "who is Anna Eichberg?" and she proved to be a girl barely out of school, the only daughter of the distinguished musician, Julius Eichberg, the director of the Boston Conservatory of Music. From that time Miss Eichberg's welcome into literature was assured.

"Brown's Retreat" was one of the ablest stories ever published in the Atlantic Monthly—the tale of a convict, who kept a strange little shop, over the door of which he had put in a grim jest "Brown's Retreat." To come between himself and the public he made use of a poor little waif, who is sketched with a touch not unworthy of Dickens. The blended pathos and humor of this charming tale are beyond praise. It was succeeded by still other brilliant stories, among them "The Freak of Fate" in the Century, and "Mr. Pampalon's Repentance" and "Mr. Charmichoel's Conversion" in Lippincott's; also charming children's stories in St. Nicholos and Wide Awake.

As a story-teller Miss Eichberg has proved herself the possessor of very rare powers. Her characters live—they are not merely types, they are individuals. Her plots also are very striking.

Those who know Miss Eichberg well are aware of certain unpublished poems which prove her gifts to be not alone those demanded for good prose. She wrote the words of the well-known national hymn "O Country Great and Free," to which her father composed the music. After it was first published Miss Eichberg, then a shy school girl, was taken to see Mr. Longfellow. The poet opened the door himself and said to her in his genial way: "Miss Eichberg, you come crowned with laurels." No wonder she was dumb with awe and pleasure.

Passing Two Trains on the Same Track.

[Chicago Herald.]

I was on a mule train once going up to a mining camp. We were circling about a mountain when we met another train coming down.

The road was just a bit of ledge in the mountain side, and was plenty wide for one wagon, but not quite wide enough for two. But the mulewhackers knew just what to do, and lost no time in doing it.

They got out their pine blocks, pulled the head wagons close together, set the brakes on one, and put blocks under the wheels of the other. Then they started the mules up, and pulled the hubs of one wagon right over the hubs of the other. The inside wagon was tight agin the rocks, while the tires of the outside wheels on t'other one were within half an inch of the edge of the precipice. It did my heart good to see those mules pull. The whole six of 'em would squat a little, tighten themselves in their collars, and pull gently, steadily together—steadier nor six men could have done it. Why, those mules knew just what they were doing, and they knew just as well as anybody that if they gave a jerk and slipped a wheel over the edge the whole concern, mules and all, would be 2,000 feet down the gorge in a jerk of a lamb's tail. Hub after hub and wagon after wagon the work went on, and that's the way we pass two trains on the same track out West."

COMMON DEEDS.

Never a word is said,
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped,
To vibrate everywhere;
And perhaps far off in eternal years
The echo may ring upon our ears.

Never are kind acts done
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But, like flashes the sun,
They signal to the skies;
And up above the angels read
How we have helped the sorer need.

Never a day is given
But it tones the after years.
And it carries up to heaven
Its sunshine or its tears;
While the to-morrows stand and wait,
The silent mutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And the here is over there;
For the common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far away.

—[H. Burton, in Texas Siftings.

HOW THE RAILROAD CAME TO BARNESTON.

[By Frank H. Stauffer.]

The main line had concluded to build a branch road to E——. Between the former and the latter were two small towns, Barneston and Shenstone, both of which made strenuous efforts to have the branch line pass through their place. Shenstone was the larger and wealthier of the two; the business men subscribed libearlly to the stock, and were in great glee when the surveyors made their appearance in the town.

The inhabitants of Barneston were correspondingly disappointed, and gave up the fight. But, much to their amazement, their village was finally selected and Shenstone left in the lurch; and they were still further amazed when they learned that it had been brought about by a boy to whom they had never given much credit either for shrewdness or tenacity.

His name was Fred Sedwick, and he was not more than 14 years old. He was an observant fellow, however, and generally arrived at correct conclusions. An idea had seized him, in connection with the rivalry between the two towns; it was a practical idea, and he determined to make the most of it.

A gentleman stopped at the only hotel in the place, one hot summer afternoon. His name was Lynch, and he was the chief engineer of the surveying party. When Fred heard of his arrival he concluded to call upon him, and found him seated upon one of the porches of the hotel.

"I wish to talk to you about the proposed railroad, sir," Fred said, removing his hat, his tone and attitude respectful.

The surveyor was a genial man, and was especially partial to boys. He glanced into Fred's honest face and said, with an encouraging smile:

"It is to be an interview, eh? Well consider me at your leisure."

"I believe it has been decided to run the road through Shenstone," remarked Fred, without any preliminary skirmishing.

"Yes," replied Mr. Lynch. "The people have agreed to take $75,000 worth of stock, and have offered to present us with a lot of ground for a station. They have even promised to furnish the stone to build it. Barneston's a sleepy old place, you see."

"Well, may be it is," tardily assented Fred. "That is all the more reason why it ought to be wakened up. Won't it cost a great deal to take the road to Shenstone? In the way of deep cuts and trestle-work, I mean?"

"A great deal my boy," replied the surveyor.

"More than it would to bring it along that ridge, yonder?" asked Fred, pointing.

"Considerably more, sir."

"More than the $75,000 subscribed by the people of Shenstone?" persisted Fred.

"At least as much," was the answer he received.

He was silent for a minute, an intensely thoughtful look upon his face. Mr. Lynch watched him, impressed with his appearance and his direct way of getting at a thing.

"There will be a water station?" asked Fred.

"Oh' yes; we must have water. We can get it from the mill pond."

"By forcing it up the hill?"

"Yes."

"That will cost a great deal, will it not?"

"The plant will."

"The plant?" replied Fred, a trifle puzzled.

"The machinery, my boy. The tanks, stationary engine, pumps and so on."

"There must be a man to run the engine," suggested Fred.

"Yes."

"Suppose there was a big spring on that hill yonder?" Fred asked repressing his excitement. "Suppose the water could be brought here by pipes, in a natural flow, and no 'plant' necessary? Would that be worth considering?"

"Eh?" exclaimed Mr. Lynch, suddenly interested, and surprised at the boy's brightness, "Is there such a spring?"

"There is," declared Fred. "And the water can be brought here by its own gravitation."

"What you say is indeed worth taking into consideration," Mr. Lynch said, as he stared directly in front of him. "That, and the less expensive character of the route, would more than offset what the Shenstone people have to offer."

"Suppose we subscribed $50,000 here at Barneston?" Fred asked his eyes sparkling. "That ought to bring us the road, don't you think?"

"It would at least reopen the hearing," admitted Mr. Lynch.

He laughed softly over the pronouns we and us which Fred had used. It was a declaration of citizenship; an intimation that he was bound to be identified with the progress of the town.

"Can the spring be bought?" the surveyor asked.

"I am afraid not," replied Fred. "It can be leased, however."

"For 999 years?"

"Is that the way it's done?"

"Yes."

"Why don't they make it the even thousand?"

"It wouldn't do to seem too grasping," replied Mr. Lynch, laughing. "Now, my boy, as you have presented an idea that looks eminently practical, I do not propose to allow anybody to deprive you of the credit of it. I will be here one week from to-day, when you can report progress."

The immensity of the undertaking confused Fred. He hadn't thought of carrying the heavy end of it.

"What am I expected to do between now and then?" he asked.

"You are to secure a lease of the spring and raise the $50,000."

"All right," cried Fred. "I'll do it. I am much obliged to you for giving me your attention."

He lifted his hat and started off.

"He's more than an ordinary boy," was the surveyor's mental comment. "He's got grit enough to do all that he's set out to do."

"Two days later the surveyor examined the spring and its possibilities. It was a strong spring, and high enough above the town to carry the water thither without any outlay beyond the placing of the pipes.

"I've leased the spring," Fred said, as he issued from a clump of bushes. "It's down in black and white. Mr. Benson couldn't write very well, and so I drew it up myself. It may be worded a little stragglingly, but I guess it will do."

"Allow me to look at the paper."

Fred produced it. A smile came to the surveyor's lips as he read it. It was dated signed and witnessed, and read as follows:

"I hereby agree to lease to Frederick Sedwick, or any person or persons, or corporation, represented by him, the spring upon my property and the use of the water thereof, for the term of 999 years, for the consideration of $200 a year. This use is not to be exclusive, and not to work injury to me or to my property, or my own need of the water."

"It is an assent," decided Mr. Lynch. "Though not in strict form, it can be made binding. We would be willing to pay Mr. Benson $200 a year, and as it is not likely he'll recede. Did you tell him your purpose?"

"No," replied Fred. "He thought it a funny proposition to come from me, I knew, but he saw that I was in earnest I guess he had a notion some one sent me. You see, I have no money, nor has father."

"The contract isn't valid," Mr. Lynch said.

"Why not?" asked Fred with a stare.

"Because you are not of age," replied Mr. Lynch, a quizzical look in his eyes.

Fred gave vent to a prolonged whistle.

"I never once though of that," he said. "I don't believe it crossed Benson's mind, either. What's to be done? You will have to see him yourself."

"No," replied Mr. Lynch. "You must do all yourself, for I want the credit to be entirely yours. Oh, we'll give Barneston something to talk about."

He laughed gleefully, and thrust the lease into his pocket.

"Master Sedgwick, the lease will do," he said. "Mr. Benson will regard it as a big thing for him."

"Sir, how did you learn my name?" Fred asked.

"Ah, now, that isn't sharp in you," rejoined Mr. Lynch with a grin. "Isn't it in the lease?"

"So it is," admitted Fred.

"How about the $50,000?"

"I'll raise that!" cried Fred.

He was as good as his word. He did not expose any of his plans, but was so sanguine and enthusiastic that he inspired the leading men with the same spirit.

The directors of the road met a committee of the citizens. Mr. Lynch presented the case, and Barneston secured the road, and it never was called a sleepy old town after that.

The citizens were profuse in their thanks to Mr. Lynch.

"I don't deserve any credit," he said. "Here's the boy who brought the railroad to Barneston.

Fred became the hero of the day. Suddenly everybody seemed to remember that he always had been a pushing, quick-witted fellow.

Mr. Lynch appreciated him enough to place him on his corps. Fred rose rapidly to distinction, and is now not only the chief engineer of the branch road to E——, but of the main line and all its subsidiaries.

The Scenery of Southern Alaska.

[Cor. Portland Transcript.]

Leaving Wrangle to battle with its fogs, we sailed through Wrangle Narrows, and later into genial sunshine and past pleasant coves and by the side of steep cliffs, over which fell streams of water, and above which towered peaks of snowy whiteness, glistening in the sunlight far away.

There on the shore a fish cannery lay nestled among the trees, or a group of Indian huts was visible, while at times the native canoes were paddled out to us to enable their inmates to offer bits of native manufacture. It was never cold, and fortunately a long succession of pleasant days greeted us as we moved lazily along our way.

The air was soft, yet exhilarating; the channels were filled with water as smooth as glass, the coloring was rich and the vegetation rich and abundant. Alaska, so often considered bleak, and bare and cold, appeared in its true light. Whatever it was elsewhere, here in the South at least it was warm and sensuous, picturesque from guarded cove to distant peaks of snow which lighted up the blue that existed, but threw no chill upon the region.

The country is Switzerland enlarged full of sharp contrasts in color studded with mountains of varying shape and size. And here at Chilcat, near the sixtieth degree of latitude, there are serrated ranges with whitened heads shining above the forest that press down upon the waters of Pyramid Harbor, where we lie at anchor. Truly Alaska is, whatever it is not, land of scenic wonders.

A Fool and Ass.

A Wall street speculator has brought suit against another for calling him a "fool and an ass."

The insulted speculator must have been unusually unlucky that day. Most speculators in these times, when they see the money they invested yesterday disappearing to-day, call themselves the hard names which were addressed to this one, and heartily agree with anybody else who chooses to call them so. They feel like the man who, on being asked if he was one of those Wall street "lambs," indignantly answered: "That's not the kind of an animal I am, you bet. I'm a Wall street donkey, and don't you forget it."

AN ECLIPSE OF VENUS.

We said good-bye when all the birds
Flew homeward to the South;
Two very unimportant words
Framed in a rosebud mouth;
I held a slender hand awhile—
I knew it wasn't right—
And when I missed her sunny smile
It seemed the depth of night.

A very common incident,
Yet when a year had passed,
Whate'er I did, where'er I went,
Remembrance held it fast;

I longed to see her rosy face
Below her soft brown hair,
And so I sought the charmed place,
And waited for her there.

Oh, where was Edith? where was she
Who once had graced this spot?
Here was the seat beneath the tree,
But Edith—she was not.
Ye stars above that shine so pure,
Here was my Apocalypse!
My star was on her wedding tour,
And I was in eclipse.

Bill Arp With the Toothache.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

When the teeth come, they come with pain and peril, and keep the poor child miserable, and when they go they go with a torture that no philosopher can endure.

Oh, my poor jaw—just look how it is swollen. I am a sight. A pitiful prospect. I look like a bloated bondholder on one side of my face and no bonds to comfort me. I wonder what would comfort a man in my fix. I have suffered more mortal agony from my teeth than everything else put together. Samson couldn't pull them hardly, for they are all rivited to the jawbone.

I have been living in dread a month for I knew that eyetooth was fixing up trouble; and so yesterday morning it sprung a leak at the breakfast table, and I jumped out of my chair. The shell caved in, the nerve was touched, and in my agony I gave one groan and retired like I was a funeral. Five miles from town and no doctor.

Don't put down what I suffered all that day, and the night following, for you can't. Mush poultices and camphor and paregoric and bromide and chloroform, and still the procession moved on, and the jumping, throbbing agony sent no flag of truce—no cessation of hostilities.

Please give me some more of that camphor. I've burned all the skin off my mouth now, but it is a counter-irritant and sorter scatters the pain around. If I had some morphine I would take it for I want rest. I am tired. Oh! for one short hour of rest.

A Scheme That Will Not Work.

[Chicago Tribune.]

A debt-collecting firm styled "The Retail Merchants' Protective and Collection Association" has started a "Black Maria" collectors' wagon in Chicago. This is a long-felt want. The "Maria" is a large, four-wheeled vehicle, something of a cross between a grocers' wagon and a hearse. It partakes largely of the characteristic of the famous "Black Maria" prison vans of England, and also of the dime museum advertising wagons of this country.

The purpose of the wagon is to attract attention, and thereby shame the debtor into paying, consequently it is necessary to have something unique. The "Maria" recently started here is a large, black box, with openings at the front and sides. At each side and on the back the following legend is displayed in large, white letters:

"OLD BILLS COLLECTED PROMPTLY BY THIS ASSOCIATION."

The plan of operation is simply to keep the wagon standing before the debtor's house a certain time every day until the debt is paid.

The manager speaks proudly of the success of the firm in Cleveland and other cities. He says Cleveland is able to keep two "Marias" constantly employed, and he does not see why Chicago should not have half a dozen. He intends building a splendid new "Maria" for Chicago in a very short time. He says it will have grand mirrors on the side and back, and plumes or waxworks on the roof, just like a circus wagon, and will be such a contrivance as any landlady or housekeeper will be proud to see at the door. (?)

THE RULING PASSION.

[From the German.]

Dr. Slash was a celebrated surgeon whose fame extended over the whole country. Besides having the reputation of being an excellent surgeon, he was celebrated for having a great love for money, and an utter detestation for Jews. One day he received the following telegram from a neighboring city:

"What fee do you require, including traveling expenses, to preform an operation on Sam Rosenbaum? Answer by wire."

Dr. Slash did not care to make the trip; particularly, as he suspected that Rosenbaum was a Jew. However, he inquired around and found out that Sam Rosenbaum was one of the richest Jews in the neighboring city. So he determined to overcome his prejudices and preform the operation. He telegraphed back:

"Am ready to come. Fee, three thousand dollars. Answer immediately."

This was really an exorbitant fee.

He immediately received for an answer:

"Can't you come for $2,500?"

Dr. Slash got mad, and replied indignantly:

"I don't make any trades."

He was then offered twenty-six hundred dollars to which he answered:

"Three thousand dollars or nothing. I desire no more correspondence on this subject."

The next telegram read: "Come at once. You shall receive the three thousand dollars."

Dr. Slash left on the next train. A few stations before he arrived at the station, he telegraphed to Sam Rosenbaum to have a carriage for him at the railroad station, for Dr. Slash was in the habit of putting on a great deal of style. The train arrived, and the medical gentleman was received by a delegation of Israelites at the depot, several of them weeping bitterly, who informed him amid their wails of despair, that during the night Sam Rosenbaum had died. The doctor was very much exasperated at what he considered a breach of faith on the part of the unfortunate Rosenbaum. However, being tired, and anxious to get his traveling expenses back, at least, from representatives of Sam Rosenbaum, he put up at the first hotel. The relatives of the deceased called on him and paid him two hundred dollars for his loss of time and traveling expenses, expressing their regard that he had the trip for nothing. Dr. Slash retired for the night determined to return next day.

In a short time it spread all over the city that the celebrated Dr. Slash was in town, and so great was his reputation that early next morning quite a number of unfortunate people visited his hotel, and sought to engage his services. As Dr. Slash saw there was a chance to make a few hundred dollars from these poor people in a couple of days, he consented to remain, and having procured the assistance of a local doctor, he was kept busy attending patients from early in the morning until late at night. Tolerably well satisfied with what he had made, he determined to depart next morning.

While waiting for the train at the railroad station, an Israelite, with black curly hair, and strongly marked features, approached the celebrated doctor, and pulling at his coat sleeve, said to him:

"You vas dot shelebrated doctor dat operates mit all dose beebles yesterday dot hotel in."

Dr. Slash turned upon the Israelite, and said angrily:

"What do you want, anyhow?"

The Jew smiled in a very peculiar manner, and said:

"I vas so carried away mit gratitude, dat I vants to tell you a great secret. Sam Rosenbaum was not dead at all yet."

"What!" exclaimed the doctor, "the man can't have recovered his health. Why did he not have the operation performed."

"Dot operation has been performed doctor."

"By whom?"

"Who did it?"

"You did, doctor. Among dot peebles dot you operated on yesterday vas Sam Rosenbaum, and, God be praised, he vas much better as he vas, and vill be vell in a short dime. You vas a great man, doctor, and a schmart man, but vasn't quide so schmart ash dot Sam Rosenbaum. He only paid you three hundred tollars instead of three thousand tollars, shoost ten pershent. Rosenbaum vash schmart. I vash his younger brooder."

N. B. Even in the hour of affliction the Israelite retains the full use of his business faculties.

How to Prevent Fires.

[N. Y. Fireman's Herald.

1. Always buy the best quality of oil.
2. Never make a sudden motion with a lamp, either in lifting it or setting it down.
3. Never place a lamp on the edge of a table or mantle.
4. Never fill a lamp after dark, even if you should have to go without a light.
5. See that the lamp wicks are always clean, and that they work freely in the tube.
6. Never blow a lamp out from the top.
7. Never take a light to a closet where there are clothes. If necessary to go to the closet, place the light at a distance.
8. Matches should always be kept in stone or earthern jars or in tin.
9. They should never be left where rats or mice can get hold of them. There is nothing more to the taste of a rat than phosphorous. They will eat it if they can get at it. A bunch of matches is almost certain to be set fire to if a rat gets at it.
10. Have perfectly good safes in every place where matches are to be used, and never let a match be left on the floor.
11. Never let a match go out of your hand after lighting it until you are sure the fire is out, and then it is better to put it in a stove or earthen dish.
12. It is far better to use the safety matches which can only be lighted upon the box which contains them.
13. If there are any closets in the house near chimneys or flues, which there ought not to be, put nothing of a combustible nature into them. Such closets will soil silver ware, crack crockery and burn bedding. They form a bad part of any house that contains them.
14. Never leave any wood near a furnace, range, or stove to dry.
15. Have your stove looked to frequently to see that there are no holes for coals to drop out.
16. Never put hot ashes or coals in a wooden receptacle.
17. Be sure there are no curtains or shades that can be blown into a gaslight.
18. Never examine a gas meter after dark.

Timely Hints to Girls—Things They Should Do.

The girls who have poured over the pages of the little book called "Don't" are now invited by an exchange to accept advice in regard to things that they should do.

Do be natural; a poor diamond is better than good imitation.

Do try to be accurate, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of your sex; the incapacity of the female mind for accuracy is a standard argument against the quality of the sexes.

Do, when you talk, keep your hands still.

Do observe; the faculty of observation, well cultivated, makes practical men and women.

Do attach as much importance to your mind as to your body.

Do recollect that your health is more important than your amusement; you can live without one, but you will die early without the other.

Do put your hairpins in so that they will stay; it looks slovenly, to say the least, to see them half dropping out.

Do be ready in time for church; if you do not respect yourself sufficiently to be punctual, respect the feelings of other people.

Do get up in time for breakfast.

Do avoid causes of irritation in your family circle; home is the place in which to be agreeable.

Do be contented; "martyrs" are detestable; a cheerful, happy spirit is infectious; you can carry it about with you like a sunny atmosphere.

Do avoid whispering; it is as bad as giggling; both are to be condemned; there is no excuse for either one of them; if you have anything to say, say it; if you have not, hold your tongue altogether; silence is golden.

Do be truthful; do avoid exageration; if you mean a mile say a mile, not a mile and a half; if you mean one say one, and not a dozen.